My words would bandie her to my ſweet Loue.
And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were dead,
Vnweildie, ſlow, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, O honey *Nurſe* what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* ſtay at the gate.

Iu. Now good ſweet *Nurſe*, O Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though newes, be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou ſham'ſt the Muſick of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeake, good, good *Nurſe* ſpeake.

Nur. Ieſu what haſt, can you not ſtay a while?
Doe you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou do'ſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the Tale thou do'ſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either and Ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chooſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better then any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they bee not to bee talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy wayes Wench, ſerue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No, no, but all this did I know before
What ſayes he of our Marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord, how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twentie pieces.
My backe a tother ſide, a my backe, my backe:
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about

To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Iu. Ifaith I am ſorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet *Nurſe*, tell me what ſayes my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a curteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?

In. Where is my mother, why, ſhee is within, where ſhould ſhe bee?
How odly thon replyeſt:
Your Loue ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman,
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot, marry come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Hence-forward doe your Meſſages your ſelfe.

Iu. Here's ſuch a coyle, come what ſayes *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to goe to ſhrift to day?

Iu. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Fryer *Lawrence* Cell.
There ſtayes a Husbnnd to make you a Wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
They'le be in Scarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Muſt climbe a Birds-neaſt ſoone when it is darke
I am the Drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Goe Ile to dinner, hye you to the Cell.

Iu. Hie to high fortune, honeſt *Nurſe* farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the Heauens vpon this holy Act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.

Ro. Amen, Amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Doe thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3736) Octavo